

MISCELLANY.

Bill Arp to His Old Friend.

Mr. John Happy—Sir: I want to write to you personally about some things that weigh on me. I look upon you as a friend, and I feel like droppin a few lines by way of unburthenin my sorrowful reflections. For the last few years you have travelled round right smart and must have made a heap of luminous observations. I hear you are now livin in Nashville, where you can see all sides of everything and read all the papers—where you can study Paradise lost without a book, and see the devil and his angels, without drawin on the imagination, and I tho't may be you might assist me in my troubled feelings. I have always, Mr. Happy, endeavored to see the bright side of every pikter if it had any, but there are one or two subjects about which I had mity nigh gin it up.

I want you to tell me if you can, about what time are the black republicans goin to quit persecutin our people? What are they so everlastin mad with us about? Old Skewball says its for treason that we've gone and done, and that I am the slowest perseevin man he ever seed not to have found it out.

Now Treason is a mighty bad thing, and any man found guilty of treason ought to be talked to by a preacher right under a gallus, and then be allowed to stand on nothin for a few hours by the clock. Shore enuff treason I mean. Treason where a man slips round on the fly in time of war, and takes sides agin his country. Just as though for instance, I should have worked agin my sovrin State after she had seceded, and had stole her powder or deserted her in time of peril, while she was defendin herself against the combined assaults of the world, the flesh and the devil. I would not have blamed nobody for hangin me for the like, would you? But Skewball says we aint got no svreen States—that the war had settled the question agin us on that pint. I don't think so my friend. I admit that we ain't nothin in partikler now, but we did hav svreen States before the war, and the sword aint settled nor unsettled no great principles. There aint no trial of right or wrong by wager of battle now-a-days. For mity nigh a hundred years this country have been a big debatin society on these questions. From the time of Hamilton and Jefferson down to 1861, the right of a State to dissolve her own partnership have been argued by powerful minded men, and there has been more for it than agin it. More Presidents, more Senators, more Statesmen, more judges, more people. Massachusetts and Connecticut were for it at one time, and bellered round and pawed dirt amazin to git out, but they found out Barcus was willin and they didn't go. I believe, however, that old Nutmeg did stay out about two hours and a half.

Well the South went out mity unwillingly. Mr. Happy, as you know. She had been mighty nigh kicked out for a long time, and there was a big party that wanted us to go out and stay out. Everybody knows we didn't git along in peace, so we concluded to do like Abraham and his brother-in-law; to separate our household. What they wanted to keep us for I never could see and can't see yit. I wouldn't have a nigger or a dog to stay round me that didn't want to. Some say they wanted us to strengthen em agin their enemies in case of a furrin war. Does any man in his senses expect us to help the black republicans to whip anybody? Have we got any worse enemies than they are? They can't make us fight I reckon if we don't want to. We've fout enuff and made nothin by it but glory, and we aint a goin to jine in another war to gratify other people. Dodds says before he'd pull a trigger for Thad. Stevens, he'd have his soul transmigrated to a bench leg'd fice, and bark at his daddy's mules 8000 years. I wonder if the experience of the last four years aint satisfied these fellows that our boys are a dangerous set to be turned loose in time of war. Wouldent you think that as a matter of policy they would soft sodder us a little, and quit their slanderin. If we do fight for em, there will be one condition certain—they mout be put where David put Uriah, and our boys mout consent to make a charge or two behind em at the pint of the bagnet.

But I want to tell you, John, if I am right about the history of this business. It aint a long story and I'll tell it in the way I see it. Old Pewrytan went off one day with some ships, and took a few beads and juce harps and bought up a lot of captured niggers from the Hotentots, or some other tots, and stole a few more on the coast of Afriky and brought em over and educated em to work in the field, and cut wood, and skeer bars and so forth, but not includin votin, nor musterin, nor the jury business, nor so forth.

Well, after while they found that the cold winds and codfish airs of New England didnt agree with the nigger, and so begun to slide em down South as fast as possible. After they had sold em and got the money, they jined the church and become sanctified about slavery, sorter like the woman that got converted and then give all her morels away to her unconverted sister. Well, the Old Dominion and such of her sons as Washington,

and Jefferson, and Madison, and Randall, bought em and worked em to satisfaction, whereupon old Pew got jealous and began to preach agin it to break it down. The fact is they wouldnt work gals in their factories if it warent so profitable, for they are conscientiously opposed to everything that don't put money in their pockets. After awhile they went into the striped almanak business, makin bloody pikters of poor laserated niggers gettin a hundred lashes for nuthin, and mournin for their first born because they were not. Then they started the stealin program, and while we were trying all the big courts and little courts to git back one sikly violatter by the name of Dred Skott, they were stealin from five to fifty a day, and coverin their carcasses all over with nigger larceny, and smugglin the Constitution into an abolishun mush. They built a fence around the institution as high as Hamas's gallus, and hemmed it in, and laid siege to it jist like an army would besiege a city to starve out the inhabitants. They kept peggin at us untill we got mad—show nuff mad—and we resolved to cut loose from em and paddle our own canoo.

Now all this time we had some good friends among em—some who swore we were imposed upon, and said we had good cause to dissolve the partnership. They said that if we did secede and the abolishunist made war upon us, they would stand by us and throw their lives and fortunes and their sakred honor right in the breach, and the first fight would be over their dead bodies and so forth and so on. My memory is bad, but I remember that some of em were named James Buchanan, and Dan Dickinson, and John Cochran and Logan, and Cushing, and Butler, surnamed the Beast, and McLernand, and Stephen A. Douglass, who got his commission about the time he died, and carried it with him to parts unknown, and lastly a man by the name of Andy Johnson, who I suppose are some distant relation to the President of the United States of Ameriky. But a man aint responsible for the bad conduct of his relations, and I don't throw it up to nobody. I suppose that our President are doin the best he can, and Mr. Ethridge ought not to be rakes up his record.

Well the war come on, and show enuff Logan and Cushin and McLernand and Butler and Company buzzed around a while, like bumblebees till they were brought up and then they light over on the other side. They got their reward and they were welcome to it so far as I am concerned.

How is it now Mr. Happy? They conquered by the sword, but they havent convinced us of nuthin that I know of. All is lost save honor, and that they can't steal from us nor tarnish.

If they had held out the hand of fellowship, we would have made friends and buried the hatchet. But the very minit they whipped us, they begun to holler treason from one end of the country to the other, jist like they had made a bran new discovery. It seemed to strike me all a sudden like an Xpost fakto law, and they wanted to go into a general hangin business, and keep it up as long as they could find rope and timber.

Now the idea of several millions of Amerikan freemen being guilty of treason at once! The idea of applyin such a crime to eleven great svreen States, which met in solemn convention and in the light of day dissolved a Union they had created, and which had been a disunion for twenty years! The idea of applyin treason to the Old Dominion the mother of States and of Washington and Jefferson and Madison and Marshall and Patrick Henry and all the Lees, and who give away all the territory in the northwest for nuthin! Is she to be scandalized by these new light christians who are compounded from all the scum of all creation, and think that Paul and Peter and Revelations have been for two hundred years mekin special arrangements for receivin their sanctified souls in Paradise. Treason the dickens! Wheres your dictionary? Wheres Dan Webster? Wheres the history of the Amerikan revelations?

No it aint treason nor secesion—but its devilish infernal human hate. What do they keep Mr. Davis in jail for? I hear sum say that it aint Mr. Johnson's voluntary doings; but the tremendous pressure of surrounding circumstances. Durn the circumstances. Aint Mr. Davis a great and good man? If Andy Johnson aint an infidel wouldnt he swap chances for heaven with him and give all his earthly estate to boot. If Mr. Davis's honor and integrity, and patriotism, and true courage were weighed in a balance against Sumner's and Stevens', and all his enemies, wouldnt he outweigh em all? Wont his conduct in Mexico, and in the late war, and his nobility of character live long and grow bright in his history, while the memory of the howns that are buyin him in his dungeon, will sink into oblivion. I think so—thars what I say, and I'll bet on it, and Charles O'Connor and all the country will go me halves.

But there aint no particular point in all this Mr. Happy. Its only my opinion thats all. I may be a tarbal fool, and I sometimes feel like I am a fool about everything and don't know nothing. I'm tryin my best, however, to take things jist as I find em, and my

principal bisness for the last two months have been weanin niggers to make em feel free. I put em all to take care of themselves, but they keep comin back to me, and it keeps me workin day and night to provide for em. I've been willin a long time for em to be free if they could take care of themselves, and I dont know what Thad Stevens is a fussin about, unless he is jist mad because our boys burnt his iron works. If thats all, we can plead the ruins of various similar establishments in these regions, and get a judgment agin him.

But I'm about through Mr. Happy, with what I had to say. Only this—if there ever was an afflicted people that needed friends its us. If we've got any friends anywhere, I want em to show their hands and stand by us in our trouble. I feel like reachin out to the five points of the compass in search of sympathy, and if there is an honest statesman or a brave soldier north of the line who love his fellow-men, let him open his heart and meet us on half-way ground. We aint afereed of beast or varmints—of devils or demons—of Stevens or Sumner—but we are a warm-hearted and forgiving people, and love our friends. Aint we and dont we?

Yours, everlastingly, BILL ARP.

P. S.—Is Brownlow dead yet? I'm writin his obituary, and thought I would like for the sad event to come off as soon as possible. I wish you would send me a list of your members who voted for that resolution declarin Gen. Lee and Mr. Davis infamous. We are gettin up a bill in the Georgy Legislater, declarin them infamous who voted for the resolution. Fight the devil with fire is my motto. B. A.

Richmond and the Surrounding Country.

A correspondent, writing from Richmond to the Baltimore "Gazette," gives the following interesting description of that famous locality. The picture will be recognised by thousands whose weary feet have trodden every foot of the country described:

Richmond itself is now fast being rebuilt, and there seems every prospect that in a few years the new town will equal or surpass the old. But while this is true of the city, the surrounding country presents a far different aspect. The section lying below the city must figure so largely in all future history that a few words about its present appearance may not be unacceptable. Once out of Richmond and the change is apparent. It is a change from the hum of business to the silence of a deserted country. The houses stand out solitary and silent; no fences, no gardens, few or no out-houses, no cattle, no fowls, and many wanting even the thin streak of smoke from the chimney that still proclaims them to be the habitations of men. Almost as soon as you pass the outside limits of the city you find a line of fortifications, and for many miles you will rarely be out of sight of some kind of work, from the strong battery that frowns from the crest of the hill to the small pit of the skirmisher in the hollow beneath. There seems to be some effort to re-occupy the country, but only by the poorer class of people, who come from the old battle-fields of war to begin a new struggle with want and famine.

The lands lying along the banks of the James, so celebrated for their richness, are now but waste fields. There are but few cases where the owners of the land are found on them; few of them have the capital necessary to work their farms, and of those who have, very many have had their houses destroyed, and will not consent to inhabit the small and ill-built cabins they are able to put up. Thus the land is mostly occupied by men paying shares of the profits for the use of the land, and they are unable to work any large part of the estate, but simply try to earn a support for themselves. These lands present, if possible, even a more melancholy appearance than the back country; there, so much of the country is covered by pines, that but a small portion can be seen, but on the river we see at once vast tracts of open land, overgrown with the tall weeds and grass, showing the richness of the soil, which is left untouched by the plow-share. Of very many of the old houses, the chimneys are the only marks visible at any distance, and there are very few cattle to mark the presence of thriving farm-yards. This is not true of this section alone, but of almost all of Eastern Virginia. It is in substance the picture of a whole country, and by no means an over-drawn one. It is to be hoped that it will not long continue so. The people are trying, and if aided, or if not impeded by the Government, will soon restore the country to a better state. Politically, they feel their state to be that of a defeated party; and, as they must live under the existing Government, they would do so in good faith, and in obedience to its laws. But if they are to be again prosperous and contented, they must have the countenance of the Government, and not be interfered with by radicals and demagogues.

A RECENT issue of the "Tribune" thus alludes to the soldiers of the South: Look at that vast multitude of routed, beaten, discomfited men, whose valor has almost atoned for the sins of the rebellion! "Our gallant gray brothers are even now clamoring around Washington," &c. "So with the Generals of the

rebellion. The greatest of them all is now a teacher of mathematics in a university. Sherman's great antagonists are in the express and railroad business. The once dreaded Beauregard will sell you a ticket from New Orleans to Jackson; and, if you want to send a couple of hams to a friend in Richmond, Joe Johnston, once commander of great armies, will carry them. The man whose works Grant moved upon at Donelson edits an indifferent newspaper at New Orleans, while the commander of the rebel cavalry at Corinth is his local reporter. Marshall practices law at New Orleans; Forest is running a saw-mill; Dick Taylor is now having a good time in New York; Roger A. Pryor is a daily practitioner at our courts; and so with the rest of this bold, vindictive and ambitious race of men."

MAPES' NITROGENIZED PHOSPHATE OF LIME

BY putting over one Acre of ordinary Land 200 Pounds, it will increase the quantity of Cotton to 800 pounds or more.

This Fertilizer contains all the properties of barn yard Manure, and it improves the land.

Send your orders immediately, in order to have them in time for planting. Sold at the Factory Price, by the addition of freight.

H. W. KINSMAN, NO. 279 KING STREET, Sole Agent. January 24, 1866.

ORDINARY'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of an order directed to me by W. E. Holcombe, Esquire, Ordinary of Pickens District, I will sell to the highest bidder, at Pickens Court House, on

SALEDAY IN FEBRUARY NEXT, The Real Estate of Thomas A. White, deceased, namely:

ONE TRACT OF LAND, situate in Pickens District, adjoining lands of Gideon Ellis, Jacob Borroughs and others, containing FIFTY ACRES more or less.

TERMS OF SALE.—Purchaser to give bond and approved security to the Ordinary to secure the payment of the purchase money, with a mortgage of the premises if deemed necessary by him. On a credit of twelve months with interest, except the costs which must be paid in cash, in specie or its equivalent.

L. THOMAS, S.R.D. Sheriff's Office, Jan 9.

ORDINARY'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of an order to me directed by W. E. Holcombe, Esquire, Ordinary of Pickens District, I will sell to the highest bidder, at Pickens Court House, on

SALEDAY IN FEBRUARY NEXT, The Real Estate of William M. Fennell, deceased, namely:

ONE TRACT OF LAND, situate in Pickens District, on Hamby branch of Three and Twenty Creek, adjoining lands of H. J. Fennell, L. G. Hamilton and others, containing SEVENTY ACRES, more or less.

TERMS OF SALE.—On a credit of twelve months with interest, purchaser to give bond and approved security to the Ordinary, with a mortgage of the premises if deemed necessary by him, to secure the payment of the purchase money. The costs to be paid in cash, in coin or its equivalent.

L. THOMAS, S.R.D. Sheriff's Office, Jan 9.

TAKE DUE NOTICE.

AND Govern Yourselves Accordingly.

IN CONSEQUENCE of the death of W. H. Dendy, one of the firm of W. H. Dendy & Co., all persons indebted to said firm, either by NOTE or ACCOUNT, are requested to call on DR. A. E. NORMAN, Wadhalla, and make settlement; so as it will enable me to govern myself. Failing to do so, I will employ some one to call on you, whose expenses you will have to pay.

N. K. SULLIVAN, one of the above firm. Nov 10, 1865.

The State of South Carolina.

PICKENS—IN ORDINARY. Levi Phillips and wife vs. Jane Whisenant, et. als. } Petition for Partition.

I T appearing to my satisfaction that the heirs-at-law of Nicholas Whisenant, deceased; George Whisenant; the heirs-at-law of Robert Whisenant, deceased; Fleming Bates and wife Polly; Dickey and wife Sarah; Salina Liles; Jeremiah Johns and wife Rebecca; defendants in this case, reside without the limits of this State: It is ordered, therefore, that these several absent defendants do appear in the Court of Ordinary for Pickens District, at Pickens C. H., on Monday the 26th day of February, 1866, to object to the division or sale of the Real Estate of Christopher Whisenant, deceased, or their consent to the same will be entered of record.

W. E. HOLCOMBE, S.R.D. Ordinary's Office, Nov. 20, 1865.

The State of South Carolina.

PICKENS—IN ORDINARY. George L. Chapman vs. W. J. Fennell & wife, et. als. } Petition for Partition.

I T appearing to my satisfaction that Benjamin P. Chapman and Rebecca Swords, defendants in this case, reside without the limits of this State: Therefore, it is ordered, that the said absent defendants to appear in the Court of Ordinary for Pickens District, at Pickens Court House, on Monday the 6th day of March, 1866, to object to the division or sale of the Real Estate of Sarah Chapman, deceased, or their consent to the same will be entered of record.

W. E. HOLCOMBE, S.R.D. Ordinary's Office, Nov. 27, 1865.